

CHAS. FENYO HOFFMAN.
German words by the Composer.
Allegro con brío.

To Mr. T. A. KAUTZ, M. D.

Sparkling and Bright. (Drinking Song.)
Sprudelnd und Hell. (Trinklied.) JACQUES MENDELSSOHN.

non legato.

1. Sparkling and bright in light, Does the wine our gob-lets gleam in, With
2. O! if mirth might ar-rest the light Of Time thro' life's do-min-ions, We
3. But since de-light can't tempt the wight, Nor fond re-gret de-lay him, Nor

1. Sprudelnd und hell wie kla-er Quell Strahl't der Wein in un-se-rem Gla-se, Mit
2. Wenn Lust's er-walt' er-zwingt ein Halt Von der Zeit in ih-rem Flu-ge, Wir
3. Doch da Ge-nuss nicht vernunf-tig sein lässt, Noch Zärt-lich-keit ihn lässt wei-ßen, Und

hus as red as the ro-sy bud Which a bee would choose to dream in, Then
hete a while would be-guile The gray-beard of his ju-ven-ile, To
Love him self can hold the elf Nor so-ber Friend-ship stay him, We'll

ro-ten Hauch wieder Ro-sen strauch Dort un-ten auf dem Gra-se, So
hiet-ten die den al-ten Mann Die Flügel auf sei-nem Zu-ge, Und
Freund schaft nicht lüßt auf den Wicht Selbst Lie-be nicht stört sein Ei-ge, Schenkt

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all to night, with hearts as light, To loves as gay and fleet-ing, As
drink to night, with hearts as light, To loves as gay and fleet-ing, As

schenkt denn ein, lässt froh uns sein Auf Freu-den die süch-tig uns win-ken, Wie die
ru-lug ein, lässt froh uns sein Auf Freu-den die süch-tig uns win-ken, Wie die

bub-bles that swim on the beak-ers trim And break on the lips while meet-ing.

Per-le zur Hand an des Be-chers Rand: Sie küsst un-s're Lip-p' beim Trin-ken.

colla voce.
a tempo.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT. 2nd page.

THE GRAND PROMOTER

Stranger Looking For Wealth
Gives the Major a Surprise.

VICTIM WAS WILLING ENOUGH.

But as His Capital Consisted of Just
25 Cents He Was Not the Kind of a
Man the Promoter Cared to Do Business With.

[Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.]
The grand promoter had just reached his office and thrown up the solitary window to let the spring sunshine and the songs of robins and bluebirds float into the room at so much a flout when the door, which he had carelessly left unlocked, opened to admit a man who was a stranger to him. The man had a smile on his face, and that proved that he wasn't a creditor. His attitude was not at all aggressive, and that showed he was not a bill collector. His look was not interrogative, and therefore he was not going to inquire



FISHED UP A QUARTER OF A DOLLAR, for the corn doctor or dentist upstairs. The grand promoter was puzzled, and he held his breath while the caller looked around and made ready to ask: "Excuse me, but is this the office of Major Crofoot?"



OLD CHURCH TOWER AT JAMESTOWN.

Many persons who visit the Jamestown exposition near Norfolk take a trip up the James river to the site of old Jamestown, the settlement of 300 years ago, of which nothing now remains save a few stone foundations and a crumbling old church tower. This tower is a treasured link with America's past, and the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities is guarding it zealously from vandalism.

"It is."
"Major Crofoot, the grand promoter?"
"The same."
"The Major Crofoot who has made a hundred different men rich by letting them in on the ground floor of his enterprises?"
"I am the man. What can I do for you today?"
"Look here, tenor," continued the caller as he helped himself to a seat on one of the broken backed chairs. "I've got a little money to invest, and I was advised to come to you. I was told that you could double and quadruple it for me in six months."

Breathed With Difficulty.
The major breathed with difficulty. He had counted up his cash capital that morning and had found it amounted to but 25 cents. His shoes needed repairing, his clothes needed cleaning and the landlord would be after him for the rent that week. Here was a fly that had walked into his net, and he looked like an easy fly to work. It was fifteen seconds before he could reply:

"You have come to the right place, sir, and you could not have arrived at a more opportune moment. I have organized and am just incorporating the

greatest, grandest enterprise of the forty that I have had to do with in the last five years. I can make a rich man of you in a year."
"By crickey, but you are the feller I'm looking for!" exclaimed the other. "My name's White—Jim White. I've saved a little money, and I want to get rich. I'm no hog, but I want a span of horses, a diamond pin and enough to buy three tons of coal at once. Go ahead and tell me what you've got. I've got the rhino right here in my pocket to hand over."
"My dear sir," purred the major as his smile took on the look of a bunch of ripe yellow bananas, "my latest and greatest and grandest enterprise is 'The Great American Hole in the Ground.' The capital is \$5,000,000, but we have only to pay \$1,000 for advertising purposes. The shares are non-assessable and will be sold for whatever we can get. Everything that comes in over the first thousand is so much velvet. I am the president of the corporation, and I want a secretary. His duties will consist in helping me open the mail and taking out and counting the money sent in by suckers."
"Then it's a slide thing?" queried Mr. White.

"Not at all, sir. On the contrary, it's a perfectly legitimate enterprise. I can take up a daily paper and show you thirty advertisements of the same thing. The only difference is that while they advertise their schemes as copper and silver mines, we are honest enough to advertise ours as a hole in the ground. It's just as honest as the railroad deals taking place every day. Our only care must be to make the hole in the ground big enough to hold all the money sent in by the suckers."
"But who will bite at a hole in the ground?"

The Major's Scheme.
"Tens of thousands of people, most of whom wouldn't buy a thirty dollar cow for \$20 if offered by one of their neighbors. They've got yowies to burn, and they had as soon burn it in a hole in the ground as anywhere else. I advertise it simply as a hole. The public imagination puts cold silver corner, oil diamonds, rubies or what not into the hole and invests. I start out by offering \$1 shares for 5 cents. Then they jump to 10—20—30—40, and so on up. Just before each jump the suckers tumble over each other to get in at the old price."

"But you've got to come to an end somewhere," said Mr. White.
"Of course. After we have jumped the shares to 75 and the suckers are beginning to inquire about dividends we bank the last of their cash and start out to buy yachts and manor houses. The hole in the ground is left for them to go out west and look at. If some one has stolen the hole and carried it off, we are not to be held responsible. Eminently safe and dead easy. The suckers never make any trouble. If they do, we bribe a lawyer to scare them off on the grounds that they were trying to swindle us. Didn't you read in the papers in March about the railroad king that mortgaged a railroad line not yet surveyed to buy the stock of a running road and water it one-half? Our dodge is more honest than that."

"By thunder, but a feller once sold me a gold brick, and now I'd like to get even with some one else!" exclaimed Mr. White as he rose up and walked around.
"Then here's your opportunity. Nothing like it under the sun. The Great American Hole in the Ground will do the business."

"Where is the hole?"
"We don't say."
"What is in the hole?"
"We don't say."
"How deep is the hole?"
"We don't say."
"How wide is it?"
"We don't say."

All Kinds of Wealth.
"We simply stick to the Great American Hole in the Ground, and the dear public does the rest. Five days after we begin advertising it will take a carpetbag to hold out money letters. In ten days we will need a barrel. In a month the letters will be brought from the postoffice by a moving van. Not a word from the postal authorities against the scheme. Not a philanthro-

pist anywhere looking out for the suckers. Ministers, widows, schoolteachers, orphans, pensioners and blind men all looking for that hole in the ground, and 100 per cent profits. Do you see?"
"Gaul darn me if I don't!" replied Mr. White.
"Willing to go in with me?"
"Ten times over. How much do I get out of it?"
"A salary of \$25,000 a year to start with. If you are active and prompt about opening the letters and taking out the suckers' money, you shall have a raise within three months. All we want to start with is the \$1,000 for advertising. And—"
"And here is this much toward it!"
And Mr. White went down into his pocket and fished up a quarter of a dollar and held it out on his palm. It was there a full minute before the major asked:
"What for?"
"So much toward the thousand. I'll be on hand Monday morning to begin opening the suckers' letters."

The grand promoter had talked a long out, and the other lung wanted a holiday. Therefore he couldn't talk. He simply sighed, took Mr. White by the shoulders and turned him around and pushed him out, and the door, he sat down.

general weakness stealing over that he hadn't ambition enough to at a cockroach with a stub pen.

M. QUAD.

Up to Date.



Father—Willie, your conduct of late has been most reprehensible. I cannot imagine where you learn such behavior.

Willie—Am I to understand, sir, that you entirely discredit the theory of heredity?—Woman's Home Companion.



MISS BESSIE WYNNE.

One of the prettiest young stage beauties is Miss Bessie Wynne, who is now playing in vaudeville. She won considerable fame in the cast of "Babes in Toyland," as Tom, Toin, the Piper's Son, where she ran away with a large share of public approval. Miss Wynne has the advantage of being a good singer as well as an actress.



MISS MINNIE CARR, WASHINGTON BEAUTY.

Washington just now is approaching the close of one of the Capital City's most brilliant social seasons. Miss Minnie Carr, while still young in society, has been for two or three seasons one of the most popular girls in Washington. She is always to be considered when the favorites are mentioned.